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# Cartoons in Rhyme and Line

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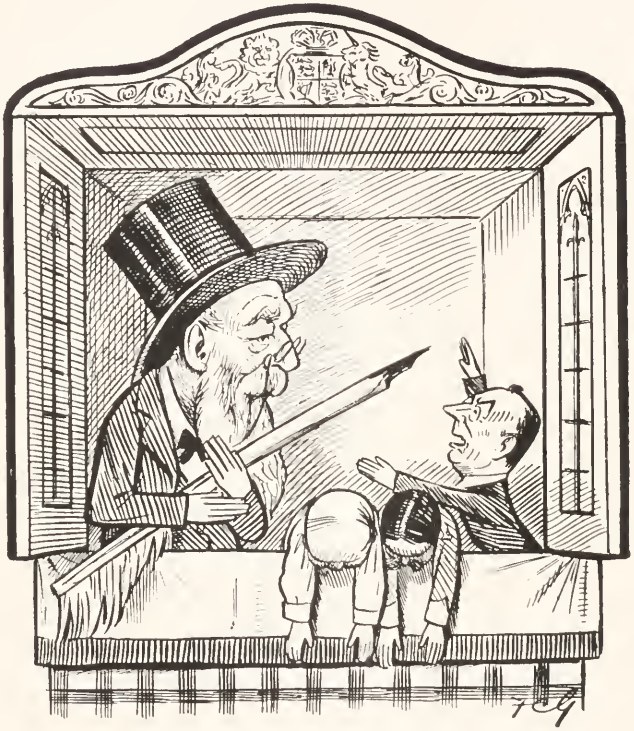
*The Lobby Laureate*

# CARTOONS IN RHYME AND LINE

*By* SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P., AND F. CARRUTHERS GOULD



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From the Worst of Poets
To the Best of Wives

# To the Reader

If any one thinks that these verses are "rot,"
I'm the very last person to say they are not;

If any one says they are witty and wise,
That verdict will give me a pleasant surprise;

But whether wise, witty, or stupid they're ruled,
You're sure to admire the "setting" of Gould.

W. L.

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I've said it before, and I'll say it again."
Says Balfour to Joseph, "It's perfectly true,
No couple are equal to me and to you;
And the country we govern is safe as can be,
So long as it's governed by you and by me."

15*th October* 1902.

## THE HEATHEN CHINEE

The Heathen Chinee! The Heathen Chinee!
How Lyttelton loves him we all of us see.

To protect him from harm and his money to save,
We'll send out and catch him, and make him a slave.

Oh! then in a "compound" how happy he'll be!
Who—who is so blest as the Heathen Chinee?

So Lyttelton tells us again and again,
"*Blest Heathen Chinee*" his eternal refrain.

With Lyttelton then may my blest fortune be
In a "compound" to live with a Heathen Chinee,
And who'll be so happy in there as we three?

1904.

*"The Heathen Chinee! The Heathen Chinee!*
*How Lyttelton loves him we all of us see."*

## THE IMAGE OF BUDDHA

(When the English left Lhassa an old monk—affected to tears—presented Colonel Younghusband with a golden image of Buddha.)

With tears in his eyes
The old monk cries,
"Farewell, my most Christian brudda;
But, ere you depart,
Accept from my heart
This beautiful Image of Buddha.

"You have worried our land
With your famed 'Mission' Band,
And you've spilt a good deal of our blood, ah!
But though we must sever,
Remember for ever
To cherish this Image of Buddha."

So now with one voice,
Let us sing and rejoice
With delight at this gift from our brudda;
As the statue's of *gold*,
Sure it needn't be told
Henceforth we shall all worship Buddha.

1904.

*"This beautiful Image of Buddha."*

## LEARN TO THINK IMPERIALLY

Let's learn to think Imperially,
'Twill smooth our path materially;
Let us reflect on what we gain
By thinking in Imperial vein.

Imperial thinking, high and grand,
Induced us to acquire the Rand,
It's given us a Party cry
Good when Election time is nigh.

It's won us the undying hate
Of every European state
Against whose face we wave our flag
With blessed "Rule Britannia" brag.

For this we eat, for this we drink,
For this to idiocy we sink,
To bursting point our Budgets swell,
And in our slums gaunt paupers dwell.

But who to heart such things would take
When glorious Empire is at stake?

*19th January* 1904.

## "DUMPING"

THINGS are turning out queerly it seemeth to me,
What with Seddon and Joe and the Heathen Chinee;
There'll not be much peace in this country, I see,
Till they all three are "dumped" in the depths of the sea.

1903.

## CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS

(The *Times* leading article on Christmas Day announced that though we are at peace with "Christian Communities," we are still engaged in fighting with "Savage Tribesmen.")

THANK God that on this Christmas Day
There's someone whom we still can slay!
"Christian Communities" at best
Should never quite from slaughter rest.

A year ago, 'tis scarcely more,
We soaked the veld with Christian gore.
Two nations showed their prowess then—
"Communities of Christian men";
It would be sad indeed to-day
If no one there was left to slay
But, Christians, keep your spirits up,
You still may drink of rapine's cup;
Still Savage Tribesmen to our joy
Remain for Christians to destroy;
"Mad Mullahs" roam about the world,
Who to perdition must be hurled;
And in the Transvaal is there not
Still found the wicked Hottentot?
Then there's that Llama who won't fight,
Whom therefore we must shoot at sight.
We'll shoot all tribesmen, black or white—
It is our duty and our right.
Somaliland and far Tibet,
There, there is work for Christians yet.
So thankful on this Christmas Day
We feel there's someone left to slay.

*28th December* 1903.

## MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH AT EDINBURGH

I'm not for Free Trade, and I'm not for Protection;
I approve of them both, and to both have objection.

In going through life, I continually find
It's a terrible business to make up one's mind.

And it's always the best in political fray
To take up the line of the Vicar of Bray.

So, in spite of all comments, reproach, and predictions,
I firmly adhere to Unsettled Convictions.

*3rd October* 1904.

*"I'm not for Free Trade, and I'm not for Protection:*
*I approve of them both, and to both have objection."*

## TIBET

"The conduct of the Chumbi people continues excellent. They take off their hats and bow to the Mission."

*Daily Paper.*

Oh, the men of Tibet
Are a glorious set;
In a battle they know the way how,
When the foemen appear,
To let them draw near,
And take off their hats with a bow.

Good humour prevails
In those hills and those dales
Where the "Mission" at present is set;
And our troops all declare,
Though they'd fight anywhere,
They prefer it by far in Tibet.

Now what a delight
Is in this way to fight,
Avoiding all worry and row;
No killing and stabbing,
No looting and grabbing,
You off with your hat and you bow.

It's nice for the Mission
To hold the position,
Of being a popular pet;
And charming, indeed,
Of its exploits to read,
But *why* did it go to Tibet?

*December* 1903.

## LORD BURTON TO THE KING

"'Twas beer, your Majesty, strong beer,
Which, as you know, made me a peer;
If you will only learn to brew,
God knows what it will make of you!"

*25th February* 1902.

## "INQUIRY"

J. B. to J. C.

Oh, why should you inquire, my Joe?
What is there that you do not know—
You, in high place of honour set,
The ruler of the Cabinet?

Oh, surely it cannot be so,
You cannot court inquiry, Joe!
Still, your advice I'm going to take,
And strict inquiry I will make—

Who, standing at the Nation's helm,
Once forced to war a peaceful realm?
And who this country tries to goad
Along Destruction's ruthless road?

Who is it that is acting so?
Let us inquire—*to please you, Joe!*

1903.

"*Who is it that is acting so?*
*Let us inquire*—to please you, Joe!"

## HANKY AND PANKY

Arthur and Joseph are two pretty men,
They declare their affection again and again.
When Arthur proclaims a thing to be "So,"
"That's just what I think," comes the answer from Joe.
"The name of 'Protection' we stoutly abjure,
Free Traders at heart we both are to be sure."
"Where thou goest I go," says Chamberlain Hanky;
"And I go where you go," replies Arthur Panky,
"For one thing is certainly clear beyond all,
'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

1904.

"'*Where thou goest I go,' says Chamberlain Hanky;*
*'And I go where you go,' replies Arthur Panky.*"

## MR. BALFOUR'S DILEMMA

Both parties are wrong, and both parties are right;
So I won't vote at all on this matter to-night.
Sir Henry has sat on a fence for two years,
And so far no worse for the practice appears.

What is right? What is wrong?
What are lies? What is truth?
Such questions what mortal
Can answer forsooth?

When doubts philosophic take hold of the mind,
To vote not at all is the best way, I find.
Now Joe's left the country, displaying great "nous";
Yes, *he's* left the country, and *I'll* leave the House.

They'll manage to do
All that's needed, I see;
They can educate children
Quite well without me.

*26th November* 1902.

*"What is right? What is wrong?*
*What are lies? What is truth?"*

## O JOSEPH, WE SHALL MISS YOU!

O Joseph, we shall miss you,
Shall miss you night and day!
Why will you cross the stormy deep?
Why will you go away?

You've got that feather in your cap,
The emblem of your pride;
For it unbounded treasures flowed,
And countless brave have died.

You think your voyage of use, mayhap,
But us of you 'twill rob;
Stay, with the feather in your cap,
And charm the English mob,

Whose thirst for glory naught can cloy,
As strong as that for grog;
For well they know you are, my boy!
Their noblest Demagogue.

31*st October* 1902.

*"O Joseph, we shall miss you!"*

## "I AM NOT A NONCONFORMIST" (LORD ROSEBERY)

*I* AM not a Nonconformist,
*My* religion's cleaning Slates;
How can I shed light on *your* mist?
How advise on paying Rates?

I am not a Party leader,
Driven from it by the Fates;
I am not a special pleader;
I'm not well informed on Rates.

I am not a Local Preacher,
Who the truth with fervour states;
So I'm not a fitting teacher
To advise about the Rates.

I am not a desperate "Rad,"
Who distrust, I fear, creates;
If I had been, you'd have had
Prompt advice about the Rates.

All that I can tell you now
Is that swift destruction waits
On the men whom Bishops cow,
And who mildly pay their Rates.

*"I am not a Local Preacher,*
*Who the truth with fervour states."*

If you make a revolution,
  Like we've seen in other states,
Say not it is my solution;
  I'm quite vague about the Rates.

For my part, I think it better
  Just to specialise on Slates,
Than my energies to fetter
  By inquiries into Rates.

*12th December* 1902.

## LORD ROSEBERY'S OX

It is stated that the Boer prisoners in St. Helena live in the greatest comfort and happiness. Among other luxuries, a prize ox, fed by Lord Rosebery, was brought to the island not long since.

*Daily Paper.*

THOUGH we're far from home, where in happier days
We tended our herds and our flocks,
No regret for these times on our memory preys
While we're fed upon Rosebery's ox.

Let wicked pro-Boers lament our sad fate,
Their mendacity good people shocks;
Why, surely it's quite sufficient to state
That we're eating Lord Rosebery's ox.

Who would wish to depart from this blest little isle,
With its cliffs and picturesque rocks,
When we live in the choicest and happiest style,
Consuming Lord Rosebery's ox?

*July* 1901.

## KRUGER'S BIBLE

Oh! bravo, British Patriot!
  Your words were sound and true:
We have beaten wicked Kruger,
  And we've burned his Bible too.

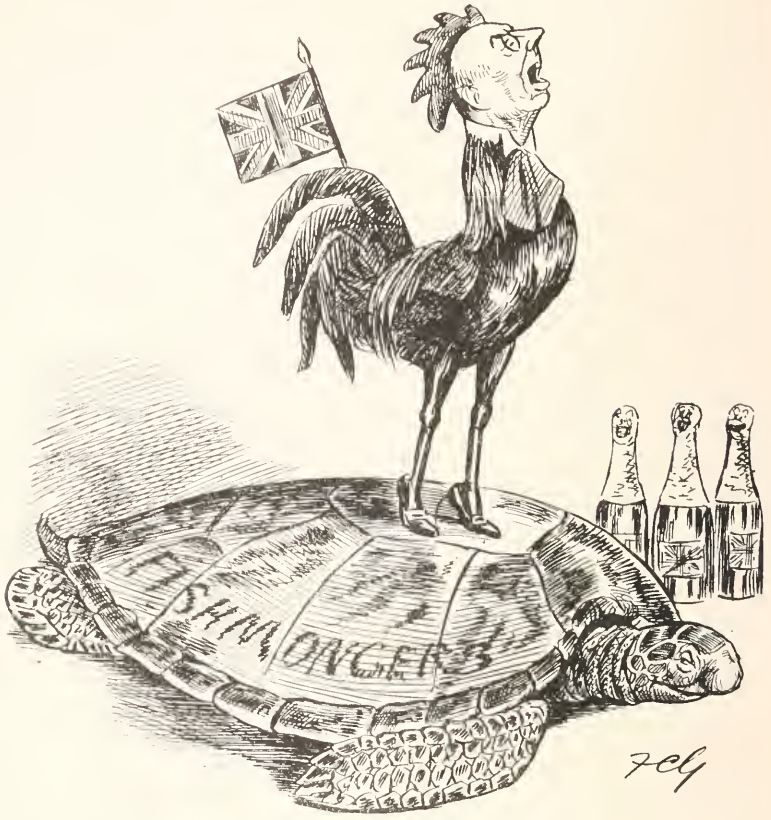
God save and bless this noble land!
  Whatever we may do,
All foes we'll stubbornly withstand,
  And burn their Bibles too.

Then History's pen some day shall write
  What now we say and do,
How we with pride fought, stole, and lied,
  And burned our Bibles too!

*June* 1900.

*"Oh! bravo, British Patriot!"*

## COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO




Ye Fishmongers of high renown,
Who eat and drink in London town!
Your turtle's rich, and choice your wine,
Your patriotism's quite divine.
I pledge you to Britannia's reign
In bumpers of the best champagne.

Imperialism's halo now
Sits on each glorious civic brow;
While each bold Briton, sound and true,
Cries wildly, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Yes! citizens of this great land,
I see my line you understand;
The British flag shall ne'er be furled,
We'll be the bullies of the world.
How have we made our glorious name?
From Heaven the great commission came:
"Go rule the earth, ye Britons, go,
Led by your mighty leader 'Joe.'"
From rank to rank the watchword flew,
With echoing "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then Joseph, rising to those heights
In which his lofty soul delights,
Spoke of the Colonies which know
The worth and virtue of their "Joe,"
And twitted many a foreign state,
Regardless of its love or hate;
For Joseph, who alone is right,
The world's misdeeds may well indict,
And answer to the foreign crew
With naught but "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

*24th October* 1900.

## SOUND THE TRUMPET

Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
See Sir Howard Vincent come.
"Now or never is the time,"
Cries Sir Howard V. sublime.
"What can happen, who can say,
Should there be the least delay?
'The God of Battles' says 'tis so,
Whom I intimately know;
Sir Michael Beach at Bristol, too,
Takes the very self-same view."
All about it is confest
There is nothing but unrest;
And there's no negotiation.
What, alas! can save the Nation
Now the time for action's come—
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;
See Sir Howard Vincent come.

*6th May* 1898.

*"Sound the trumpet, beat the drum;*
*See Sir Howard Vincent come."*

## ALCOHOL AND ARSENIC

When Alcohol was growing old,
His vigour giving way,
He, by a stroke of luck, we're told,
Met Arsenic one day.

The brothers had a friendly chat,
Reviewing days of yore,
And Arsenic, 'twas then agreed,
Should take his business o'er.

So Arsenic now with freshening zeal
His poison spreads around,
And in the place of Alcohol,
He covers all the ground.

"But how is this," the townsmen cry,
While back and knees give way;
"Whence comes this weak and sickly feel?
Good Brewers! tell us, pray."

"Oh," say the Brewers, "it is naught,
For much the same's the liquor;
With the same elements it's fraught,
It only kills you quicker."

*November* 1900.

*"The brothers had a friendly chat."*

## GORST'S SOLILOQUY

WHO is my constant friend and true,
Who tells me what I ought to do,
And promises to see me through?
My Duke.

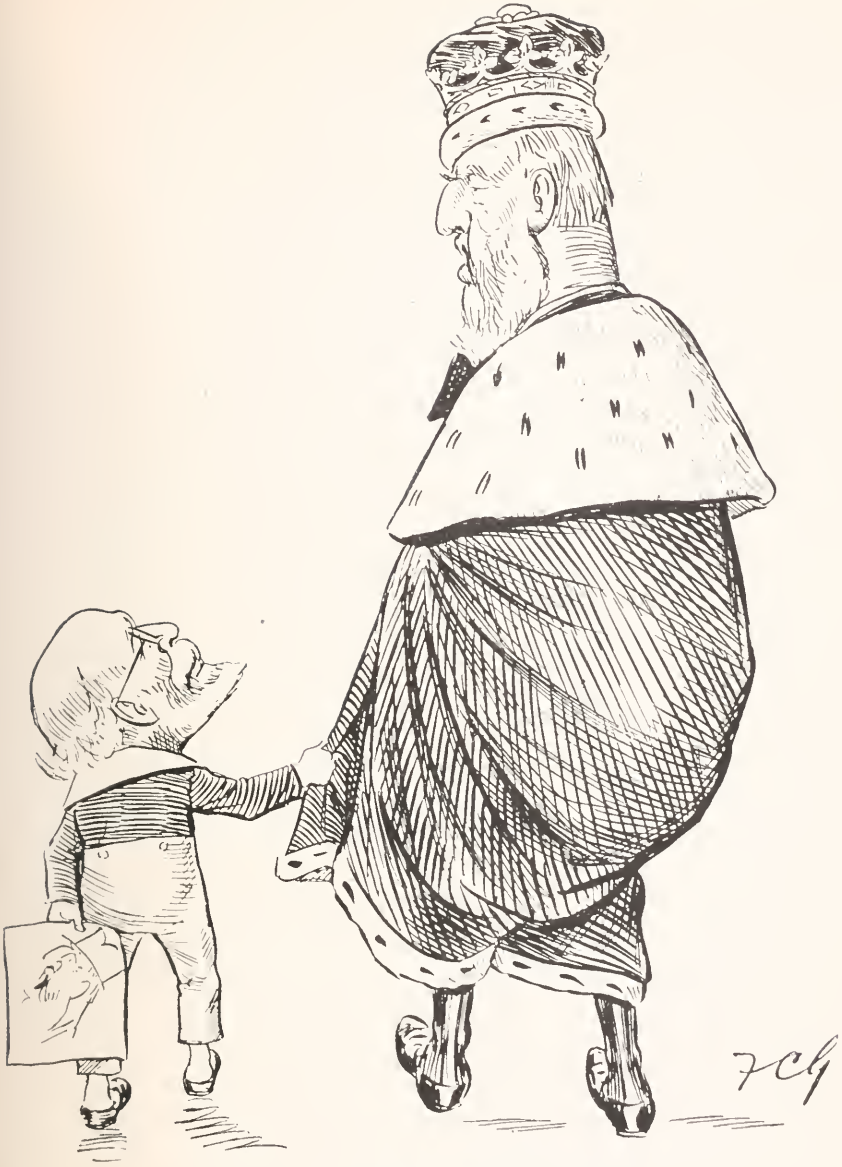
Who bids me spurn the foolish "fads"
Put forward by the noisy "Rads,"
A set of very paltry "cads"?
My Duke.

Who is it kindly tells me what
I am to say and what I'm not
When in the House affairs get hot?
My Duke.

Who is my scapegoat every day,
And bears my little sins away
When nasty things opponents say?
My Duke.

Who, when he reads Sir Henry's chaff
About the member of his staff,
Will read it with a wearied laugh?
My Duke.

*28th April* 1899.



*"Who is my constant friend and true,*
*Who tells me what I ought to do?"*

## "JOE"

If Jameson makes a wicked raid,
And strikes a treacherous blow,
On searching records, I'm afraid
You'll find it worked by "Joe."

If bullying Kruger is the scheme,
At which we're never slow,
The wretched business, it would seem,
Is all arranged by "Joe."

And now, when making sugar dear
Appears to be the "go,"
You read the Blue Books, and it's clear
The whole thing springs from "Joe."

If anyone does grievous wrong,
And who? you wish to know;
If you inquire, you'll find ere long
The author's always "Joe"!

*July* 1899.

*Always "Joe"!*

## JOHN MORLEY AT MANCHESTER

Wrong?—was he wrong when for Peace he protested
While the howls of the Jingoes their fury attested?

Wrong?—was he wrong when he ventured to speak
In spite of their rage for the wronged and the weak?

Wrong?—was he wrong when, denouncing the sword,
He warned them that Mars was the god they adored?

No! He came to the front 'mid the darkness of night,
The champion of truth and the bearer of light.

Then hail to the statesman who dares to proclaim
That the "glory" of warfare is folly and shame.

15*th September* 1899.

*"He warned them that Mars was the god they adored."*

## OLD AGE PENSIONS

The burden of paying for pensions, it's clear,
Must be placed upon *somebodies'* backs;
And the question is asked, "Then how about beer?
Shouldn't drinkers stump up the tax?"

If you'd shut up the "publics," where liquor is sold,
You might lay all these Bills on the shelf;
For things would be right with the young and the old,
And each man would pension himself.

*March* 1899.

## "EXPANSION"

I'm not a "Little Englander"—a "patriot" am I,
Endowed with all that's good and great—which no one can deny;
I'm proud of all my ancestors, and love my native land,
And in her great and sacred Cause I'm longing to "expand."

A frog of old, we have been told, for Glory felt a thirst,
And, trying well his skin to swell, expanded till he burst.
A Jingo true, no doubt, will view the moral of that story,
And say with pride, "See how he died, expanded in his glory."
Then let us all expand, my boys, by Glory fed and nursed;
Expand, expand, in every land, expand until we burst!

*January* 1899.

## TIME HIS SURE REVENGES BRINGS

That "Time his sure revenges brings,"
You say, full many a poet sings;
But can you kindly let me know
Why 'tis he brings them on so slow?
Our years of life he hurries on—
We scarcely know them till they're gone—
But those reforms for which we strive,
Long ages pass ere they arrive.
"O Time! thou stern, relentless master,
Canst thou not bring these things on faster?"

"No, no! not so," says Father Time,
"The steep of Duty you must climb,
Though knaves and fools obstruct the way
And Demons their artillery play;
Though brave ones fall and weak ones fail,
Truth's forces yet those heights shall scale,
Till, floating in the sunlit sky,
Our flag of victory shall fly."
Thus spake our Time to struggling men,
And all the host replied "Amen!"

*14th November* 1898.

## MR. BALFOUR'S LETTER ON OLD AGE PENSIONS

I SENT a card, I made a speech
Designed to counsel and to teach;
I thought that all would clearly see
Things were not what they seemed to be.
But foolish Liberals, forsooth,
Assumed that statesmen speak the truth.
But mystery around them twines,
You ought to read between the lines;
You say a thing, but that denotes
You're only anxious to get votes.
Come, then, discard each idle dream,
And know "things are not what they seem."

*December* 1898.

## WEI-HAI-WEI

Ye Jingoes shout your very best,
Ye grumblers cease to cry;
The East is conquered by the West,
We've taken Wei-Hai-Wei.

We none of us know where it is,
But that's no reason why
We should not feel heroic zeal
At taking Wei-Hai-Wei.

George Curzon once has seen the spot,
And George is pretty spry,
And George declared it must be got—
We must have Wei-Hai-Wei.

German and Russian fleets, Ah ha!
Who cares for you, small fry?
We laugh at all your warlike feats,
We're safe in Wei-Hai-Wei.

*Easter* 1898.

*"We're safe in Wei-Hai-Wei."*

## OH NO! HE NEVER MENTIONS THEM!

With owners of the English land
I used to be at strife,
And vowed that "ransom" they must pay,
Or I would have their life.
But now I never mention them,
Their name is never heard;
To quarrel with my best of friends
Would be, you see, absurd.

The union of the Church and State,
My fiercest wrath would raise;
I cursed the parsons up and down,
In all their works and ways.
But now I never mention them,
Their names are never heard;
Against the men who vote for me
I cannot say a word.

I once the champion was of Peace,
And backed it all I knew;
Denouncing bloated armaments,
And all the Jingo crew.
But now I never mention them,
Their names are never heard;
Another lay I sing to-day—
I'm quite another bird.

*24th November* 1898.

*"But now I never mention them,*
*Their names are never heard."*

## JOE CHAMBERLAIN, MY JOE, JOHN

*Inspired by Mr. Chamberlain's Speech on Old Age Pensions.*

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your voice was like the turtle dove,
Your troth without a taint.

But now you're getting old, Joe,
And getting cunning too;
Yet still in all the world, Joe,
There's nobody like you!

Joe Chamberlain, my Joe, John,
When you to me "proposed,"
I took it for a promise then,
And trust in you reposed.

But now I see it all, Joe,
As pensionless I sit:
For all you told me then, Joe,
You did not mean a bit.

*April* 1899.

*"But now you're getting old, Joe,*
*And getting cunning too."*

## "THE BILL IN THE BOX"

Sir Jacob Wilson announces that the Government have a Bill dealing with Agriculture ready, and that it is in Mr. Long's Despatch Box.

*Morning Paper.*

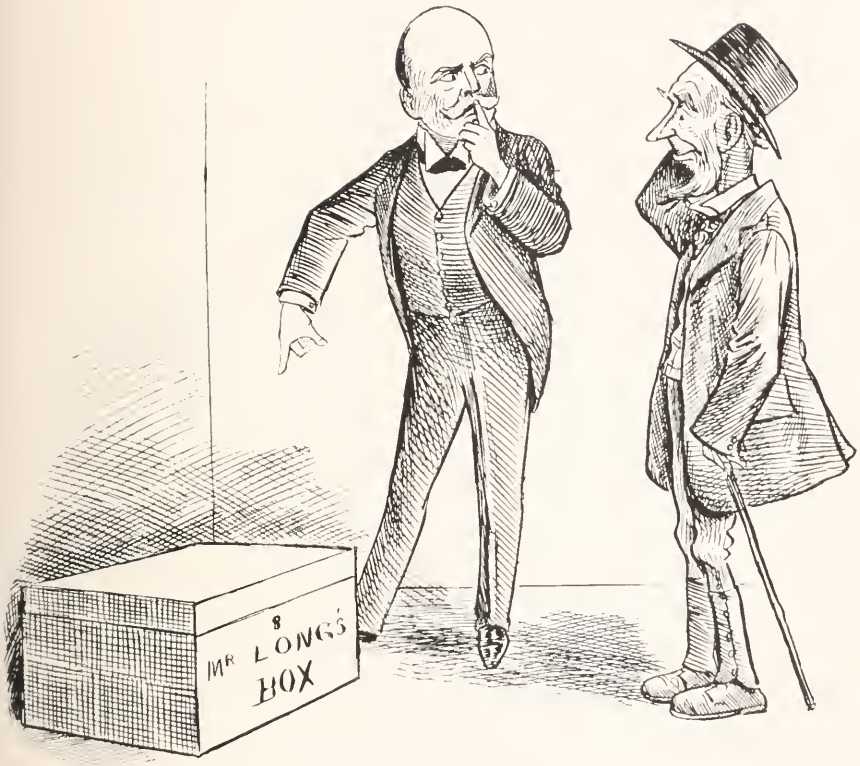
Ye farmers of England, with rapture rejoice,
There is hope for your herds and your flocks,
For the word has gone round that the man of your choice—
Mr. Long—has a Bill in a box.

No longer need fear of "depression" alarm,
With its ever-recurring rude shocks;
No fear evermore of a derelict farm—
Mr. Long has a Bill in a box.

The rise will be rapid and certain and high
In all agricultural stocks,
So long as we steadily keep in our eye
The Bill which is still in that box.

I have heard of a "pig in a poke" in my day,
Or a bag which contained a "bag fox,"
But these never were "in it" at all, I should say,
Compared with the Bill in that box!

10*th January* 1898.




*"Mr. Long has a Bill in a box."*

## THE MODEL PUBLIC-HOUSE

The model public-house, we hear,
  Excessive drinking thwarts,
It rules that every man who comes
  May only drink three quarts.

When these three quarts he's duly floored
  (As any Christian can),
He leaves that model public-house
  A truly model man.

Thank God for this delightful scheme,
  The outcome of deep thinking,
That sets these model houses up
  To do away with drinking.

*6th July* 1898.

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

The son of the Sultan, they say, will be here
To share in the sports of this wonderful year;
MacNeill cries "For shame!"—but for my part I'd rather
By very long chalks have the son than the father.

*15th May* 1897.

## THE BISHOP OF CHESTER AND CARDINAL VAUGHAN

The Bishop and the Cardinal
Were walking hand in hand,
They wept to see the Government
Had taken such a stand.
"If they were only swept away,"
They said, "it would be grand."

"If seven Bishops should appear
And turn themselves about,
Do you believe," the Bishop said,
"That we could turn them out?"
"I doubt it," said the Cardinal;
"But we could try, no doubt."

"But don't do that," the Tories said,
Looking a little blue,
"After such kindness that would be
A grievous thing to do."
"The day is fine," the Bishop said,
"Do you admire the view?"

"Oh, Tories!" said the Cardinal,
"You've had a pleasant run;

Shall you bring in another Bill?"
But answer came there none.
And this was scarcely strange, because
They'd smashed them every one!

*15th January* 1897.

## THE TWO KNIGHTS

Two Lairds in independent spheres
Aspired to be appointed Peers;
But when the New Year's Day came round,
Knighthoods and nothing else were found.
The Glasgow Laird exclaimed, with tears,
"Alas, we cannot all be Peers."
While he of Birkenhead, depressed,
His disappointed hopes confessed.
But each one's face became more bright
To think he was at least a knight.
But soon their hearts began to twitch—
It was but one—but which, oh, which?
The Mersey one in the *Gazette*
Could show his title firmly set;
But he of Glasgow swift replied,
"I've got a letter on my side."

How then can we the truth allot,
Which is the knight and which is not?
The nation with excitement shakes,
And all the Heralds' College quakes
With trouble since this quest began!
Which is the knight and which the man?

Now, as in this affair we see
That equal honours cannot be,
To follow Solomon's advice
And *halve* the knighthood would be nice;
Each half a man and half a knight
Would be a source of great delight.
Though neither of them is a Peer
And neither of them men of Beer,
We'll call them still—nay, do not laugh—
Two gallant knights of "half and half."

*5th January* 1897.

## THE REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICA COMMITTEE

Since first on this quest we set out
We have had some most excellent sport,
And the time has now come, there's no doubt,
We should give to the House our report.

We've gone into numbers of things,
And witnesses had by the score,
The result our experience brings,
Is we know what we all knew before.

For 'twas clear without all this pursuit
In regard to this African school,
That Rhodes was a dodger astute,
And Jameson a blundering tool.

All this we declare to be true,
These things are undoubtedly so;
But we cannot, whatever we do,
Make anything out about "Joe."

For when on our queries intent
We tried to our subject to stick,
We were instantly thrown off the scent
By their playing the "confidence trick."

Any evidence really of use
They always contrived to suppress;

And for that they no doubt had excuse,
For they wished to avoid any mess.

So here's the report which we drew—
It will please you, we're perfectly "pos,"
For it doesn't tell anything new,
And leaves everything just as it was.

*July* 1897.

## THE BREWER'S POWER

Who to the heathen far away
Sends Christian men to preach and pray,
And bring them to a brighter day?
My Brewer.

Who, when aloud the poor have cried,
And poverty is raging wide,
Has means of charity supplied?
My Brewer.

Who fills his pockets with the sale
Of porter, beer, and generous ale,
Which crowd the workhouse and the gaol?
My Brewer.

Who fills our slums with waifs and strays?
Who havoc with our nation plays,
And brings disgrace on all our ways?
My Brewer.

Who is it bosses all the show,
As through this curious world we go,
And dominates both high and low?
My Brewer.

*January* 1897.

*"Who to the heathen far away*
*Sends Christian men to preach and pray?"*

## ON THE SPEAKER'S COACH BEING DRAWN BY MR. WHITBREAD'S DRAY HORSES

'Tis Beer, as is to statesmen known,
Supports the Altar and the Throne,
'Twas Beer this Parliament returned,
And the great Tory triumph earned.

Almighty Beer controls the realm,
The Brewer's hand is at the helm;
Men think the nation cannot thrive
Unless the lusty Brewer drive.

To him they crouch, to him they bend,
Their guide, philosopher, and friend;
For him incessantly they toil,
They do the work—he gets the spoil.

At times like these it's only right
That he should manifest his might;
And so his steeds, one rightly feels,
Should drag the Commons at their heels.

*26th June* 1897.

## THE "BLEND"

In regard to the Peers, John Morley, we know,
  Said they ought to be "mended or ended";
But now, in regard to obstructives, says Joe,
  "The way is to have them all 'blended.'"

And truly what wondrous concoctions we get
  In the mixture he studies to dish up;
His Lordship hobnobs with the Radical Pet,
  And "Bung's" arm in arm with the Bishop.

Away with old-fashioned ideas of what's right
  In reigning, or ruling, or spending,
For white will look black, and black will look white,
  If you can only manage the "blending."

Then blest be the statesman who plays many parts,
  Not unwilling to turn and to bend;
At length he has wrought out the union of hearts,
  Which is known as "the Chamberlain blend."

1897.

## THE DIAMOND JUBILEE BREWERY

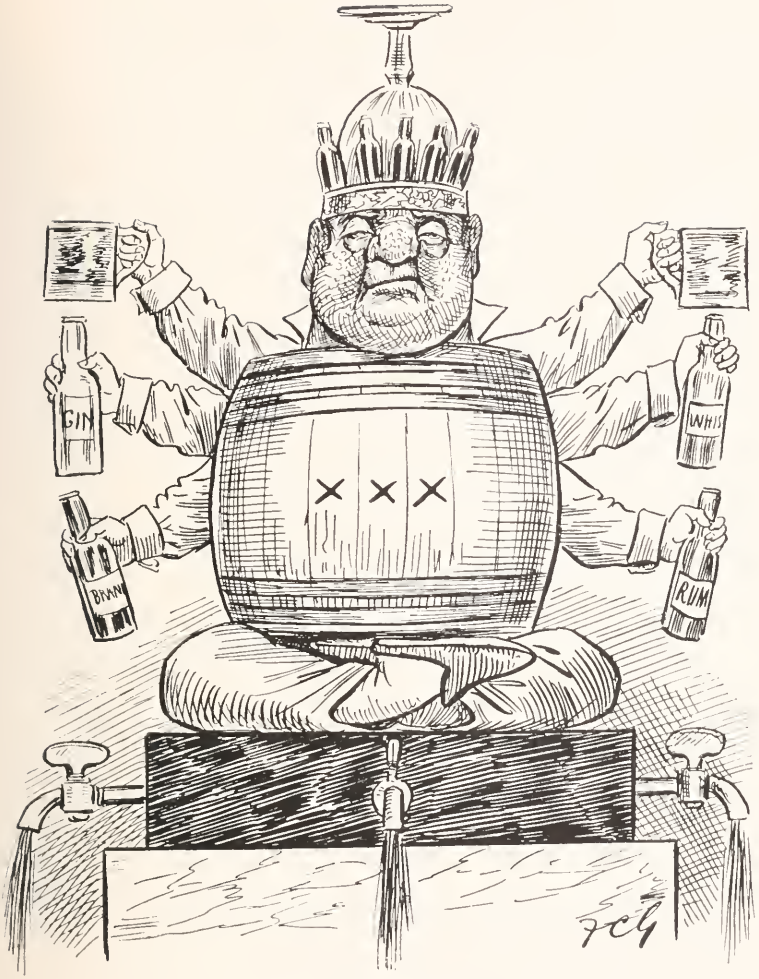
"At a special meeting of a certain Parish Council held last week to see what steps should be taken to celebrate the Queen's Record Reign, one of the parishioners proposed that a Free Brewery should be built, so that a working man might call in and have a free drink whenever he wanted one." *Westminster Gazette.*

How best can we exalt, you think,
These sixty years of glorious Drink?
The gaols and workhouses all round
And lunatic retreats abound,
And every workhouse, every gaol,
Tells trumpet-tongued the liquor tale.

Come, let us then some altar build
To Drink, who all our gaols has filled;
Britannia rules the ocean blue,
And Bacchus rules Britannia too.

Shall any boozy Briton shrink
From setting up a shrine to Drink?
No, let us grace this glorious year
By dedicating shrines to Beer.
The Institute or Orphanage
Let us reject with loyal rage;
Of Hospitals let others sing,
A Brewery's the proper thing.

*12th May* 1897.




*The Shrine of Bacchus.*

## THE SCANDINAVIAN PLAN

On the Bishop of Chester's plan to run a model public-house.

"Will you walk into my parlour?"
Said the Bishop to the man;
"It's the prettiest little parlour
On the Scandinavian plan.

"Our liquor is the soundest
Which can possibly be made,
And our potmen are the noblest men
To be found in all the trade.

"You'll see nothing here unpleasant
After searching all about,
For the place is kept in order
By our surpliced 'chuckers out.'

"The business is carried on
With the very best intent,
For in propagating temperance
The profits all are spent.

"So take a glass of liquor
And pay up like a man,
To promote the Temperance movement
On the Scandinavian plan!"

1896 *or* '97.

*"'Will you walk into my parlour?'*
*Said the Bishop to the man."*

## "TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO"

I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me, in these Christian days,
A happy English child.

I was not born as, it appears,
Some wretched ones have been,
Compelled to spend their infant years
Deprived of beer and gin.

Kind friends with care provide that naught
My rising virtue baulk;
To seek the "public" I am taught
As soon as I can walk.

'Tis there my tottering steps they lead,
And shape my course aright;
To those entrancing homes, indeed,
Of sweetness and of light.

Oh joy! that in this Christian land
Should fall my happy fate,
Where "pubs" are always close at hand,
And Drink controls the State.

*14th October* 1897.

*"Oh joy! that in this Christian land*
*Should fall my happy fate."*

## THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ON PURE BEER

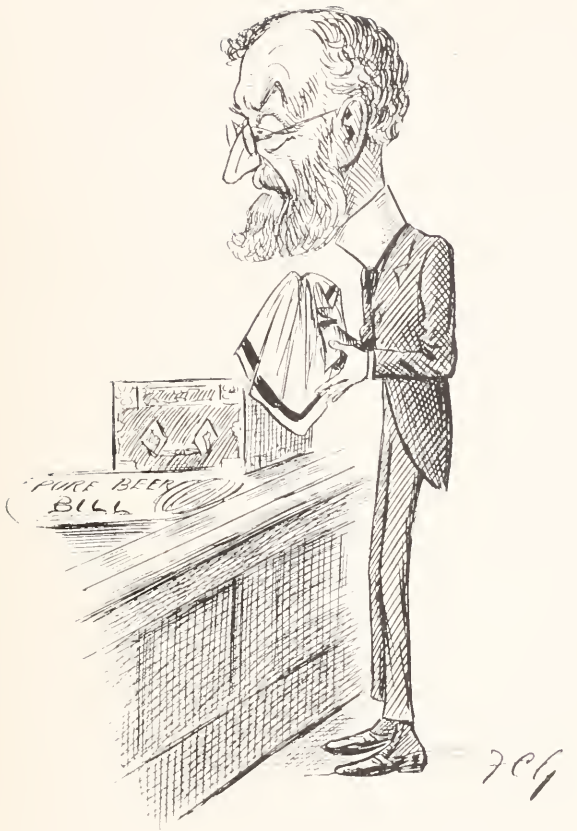
The Bill is as rotten as rotten can be!
There's no way of carrying it out I can see;
But I sympathise greatly with Quilter and Co.,
And against such a Bill I should not like to go.

And to humbug the farmers we really are bound,
For the most of our men have come in on that ground.
We know how the farmers are worn out and spent,
And—worst of all evils—they can't pay their rent.

Unless we do something to please these poor men,
They probably will not return us again.
But, granting all this, I must say that still
I *can't* vote for this most ridiculous Bill.

I weep for the farmers, I sigh and I mourn,
But 'twixt farmers and brewers I'm terribly torn;
For we Tories, you know, have for long placed reliance
On the firmness and strength of the "Tipple Alliance."

*26th March* 1896.




*"I weep for the farmers, I sigh and I mourn,*
*But 'twixt farmers and brewers I'm terribly torn."*

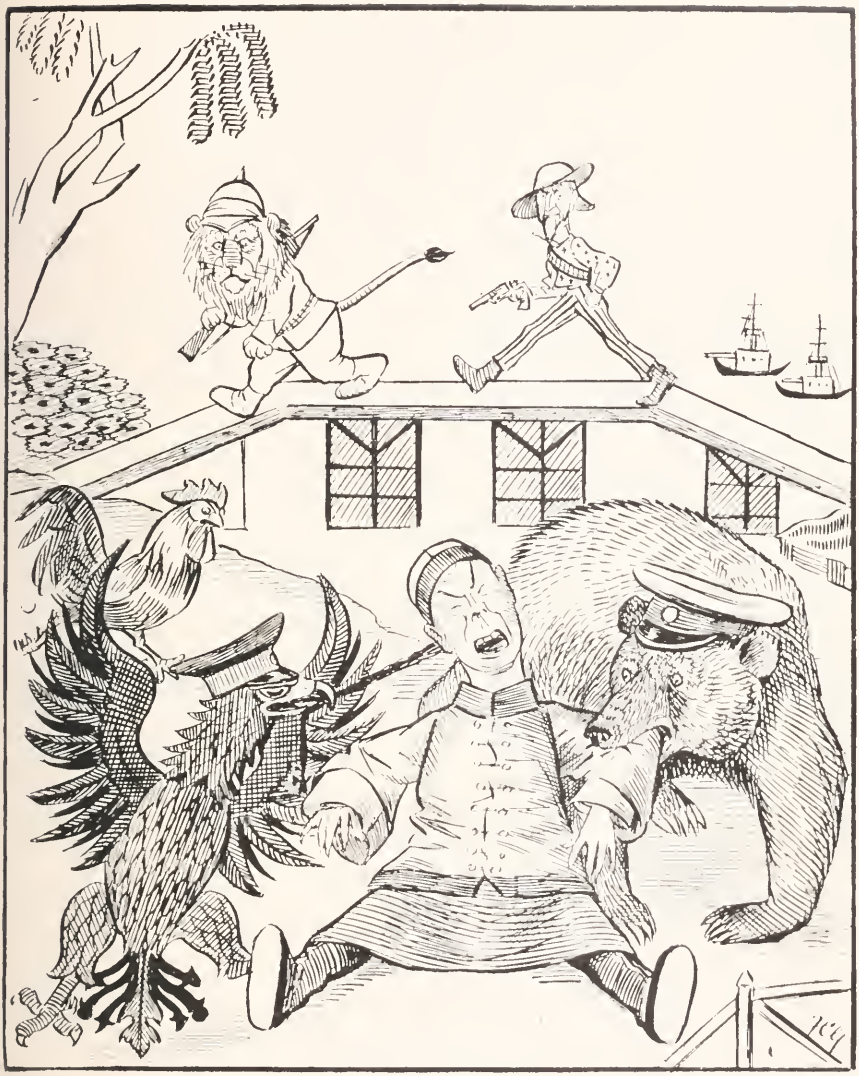
## THE PARTITION OF CHINA

The Heathen Chinee! The Heathen Chinee!
What a channel for Christian Expansion is he.
Then Ho! for the Flowery Land of the East,
Like vultures we'll swoop on the promising feast.
Commission your Navies, ye Nations so free,
To bear the true light to the Heathen Chinee.

If Russia "makes converts," it's perfectly clear
We need for "converting" a well-defined sphere;
If Germany's "missions" hold meetings for prayer,
So Christian a work 'tis our duty to share.
Incidentally, too, there is cash to be made;
There's naught like Religion to stimulate Trade.

Then come all ye Teachers and Preachers and Fighters,
Backed up by the Press and its wonderful writers,
Let's give to this darkened and downtrodden nation
A touch of the blessings of Civilisation.
And our Christian "Maxims" will work, you will see,
A change for the good in that Heathen Chinee.

*29th December* 1897.



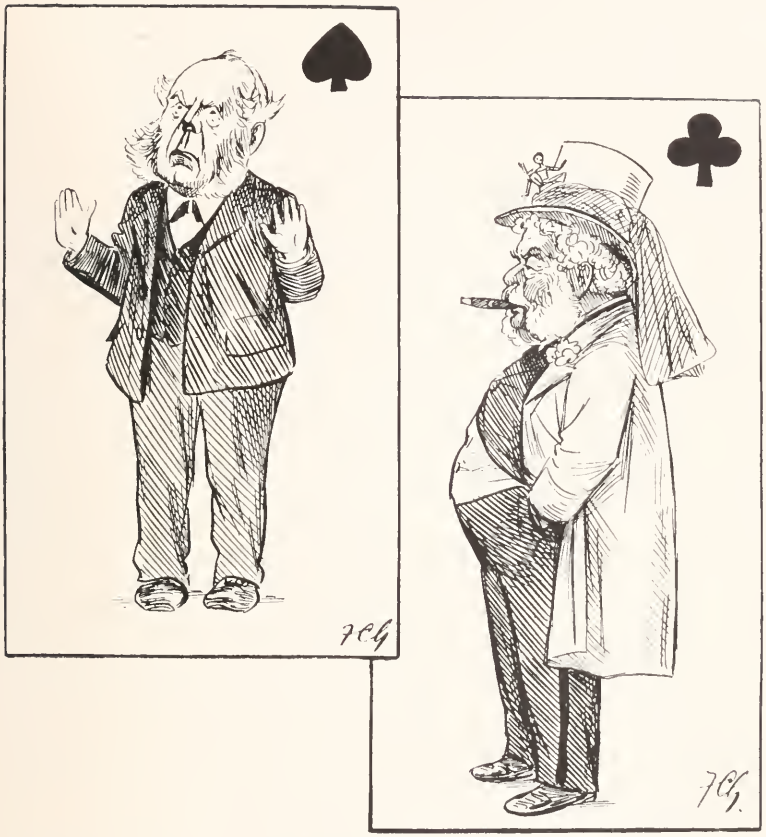
*"The Heathen Chinee! The Heathen Chinee!"*

## THE CARD TRICK

(Picked up in the House of Commons after Mr. Sydney Gedge's protest at question time against members securing seats with cards, but without attending prayers.)

When the Chaplain is there to offer up prayer, every member should be in his place;
But I'm bound, Sir, to say, and to mention to-day, that this is not always the case:
Outside they remain, then come running amain when the Chaplain has said his last word.
Mr. Speaker, I say, to go on in this way is really both wrong and absurd.
On each working day every member should pray when troubles around us are thick,
But my notion is strong that it's really quite wrong to employ this unworthy card trick.
Perhaps, to be sure, it might do for Maclure, when he goes for his Derby delight,
But to good Mr. Gedge it seems nearing the edge of that which is lawful and right.
So let us be sure, in spite of Maclure, to regulate right these affairs,
And make it quite plain that this rule we'll maintain—Every man *must* be present at prayers.

15*th May* 1896.



*"Perhaps, to be sure, it might do for Maclure, when he goes for his Derby delight,*
*But to good Mr. Gedge it seems nearing the edge of that which is lawful and right."*

## ROBBING LANDLESS PETER TO PAY LANDED PAUL

"And what makes it worse is that in this case Peter is represented by the landless millions . . . while Paul is the great landlord with 20,000 acres."

*Old Speech of* MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

POOR "urban" Peter one fine day
Did into trouble fall,
For as he went upon his way
He met with "rural" Paul.

Now Paul was rather short of cash,
But full of strength and skill,
So managed Peter's skull to smash
With Chaplin's Rating Bill.

Then, seeing where he had his gold,
Pounced on it like a vulture,
Exclaiming with delight, "Behold!
Relief to agriculture!"

*29th April* 1896.

*Landed Paul and Landless Peter.*

*"Come, wake up, sweet Austin, and tip us a stave."*

## AN APPEAL TO THE POET LAUREATE

Oh! where, and oh! where is great Austin the poet?
If he's got any loyalty, now let him show it.
Sixty years the Queen's reigned over the good and the brave,
Come, wake up, sweet Austin, and tip us a stave.
You wrote a fine poem when Jameson was raiding,
The Boers and Oom Paul so sublimely invading;

You glorified then all his treacherous muster,
And your poem attained to the top point of bluster.
Then wake you, my Austin, and take up your pen,
Let us hear the sweet strains of your Muse once again.
Sure, poetic ideas should not alone cluster
Around the swelled head of a mere filibuster.
You have lauded the man who flouted his Queen,
And brought tumult, confusion, and death on the scene;
But still, my dear Austin, you need not be shy,
You might still please the Queen if you only would try.
The Jubilee calls for your best panegyrics;
But write 'em in *Prose*! let's have none of your Lyrics.

*September* 1896.

## THE "HANG THE EXPENSE" BUDGET

We've plenty of money, so what does it matter
To grudge or withhold our pounds, shillings, and pence?
With Expenditure bigger and Revenue fatter,
We cheerfully echo, "Why, hang the expense!"

There are wars big and little all over the world,
And we never exactly know when they'll commence,
The Standard of Fighting can never be furled,
And Jingoes cry raucously, "Hang the expense!"

And then there are landlords in depths of despair,
The taxes to them we are bound to dispense;
The owners ask only for what is quite fair,
And each worthy squire cries, "Oh, hang the expense!"

The Nation comes last which the cash has to pay,
But the Nation is flabby, and sleepy, and dense,
And the bulk of it shouts in a bibulous way,
"Rule Britannia for ever, and—Hang the expense!"

*17th April* 1896.

*"Hang the expense!"*

## THE COLLAPSE

(After the First Education Bill had been withdrawn.)

One hundred and fifty majority. Ah!
One hundred and fifty majority. Oh!
One begins to be anxious about where they are,
Can anyone tell, or does anyone know?

Has some fierce epidemic invaded their ranks?
Such events have been known awful havoc to play.
Has some evil spirit been playing his pranks?
Has the heat been so great that they've melted away?

Like snow in the summer, like mist in the sun,
Like a stone which is sunk in the depths of the sea,
Like smoke they have vanished—their race it is run.
Oh! where can the mighty majority be?

And Balfour is moaning, and Chaplin is groaning,
And the Party well know they are all "up a tree";
And some of the soldiers their leaders are stoning,
While Gorst—he is grinning as pleased as can be.

And that fast-coming fight for the truth and the right
May be sooner upon us than some think, perhaps;
And that's why true Liberals hail with delight
This wonderful terrible Tory collapse!

*28th June* 1896.

## ADVICE TO A LIBERAL CANDIDATE

If anyone, anxious your notions to search,
Should ask you to give him your views on the Church,
Say, your mind on that question most firmly is set,
But the matter can not be considered "ripe" yet.

If next you are asked what you think of the Peers,
Say, you're sure that they cannot go on many years;
A State Church, you admit, 's a political sin,
But reform, you feel certain, must come from within.

Bloated armaments are a most serious crime,
But still, a strong navy's the need of the time;
On the matter of Drink there are various schemes—
It must really be dealt with, but not by extremes.

"Ordered progress" is what in the future you see,
And that is the aim of a prudent M.P.

*14th December* 1896.

## LORD SALISBURY AND THE BISHOPS

The Bishops went in solemn state
Their Premier's dictum to await,
And be by him harangued.

At first he somewhat seemed amazed,
Then on the gaitered host he gazed,
And muttered, "You be hanged!

"Why come you here, you saintly crew?
I've got so many things to do—
Far more than you are thinking—

"Affairs of State are on my mind—
Around, above, before, behind—
I can't attend to drinking.

"Besides, why try to interfere
With what true Britons hold so dear,
Deep in their bosoms sunk?

"The brightest jewel in our lot
Is this—that every English sot
Has freedom to get drunk.

*Sitting on the Bishops.*

"Before that liberty I bow,
With bated breath and serious brow
I worship it devoutly.

"So, reverend brethren, I must say
That I must tell you straight to-day
I stand against you stoutly.

"Our governmental course is clear,
We steadfast stand foursquare for beer,
Its power we ne'er will cripple.

"We owe to Bacchus grateful thanks,
And, sitting in our serried ranks,
Cry, 'England, Home, and Tipple!'"

*7th February* 1896.

## ASCENSION AND DERBY DAY

Two hours is the most we get
To worship, sing, and pray;
But when we want to drink and bet
We take the livelong day.

## LORD WOLMER'S DILEMMA

On the discussion as to whether Lord Wolmer could sit in the House of Commons after he had succeeded to the Peerage as Earl of Selborne.

The puzzle ever greater grows
  Of Status and of Summons,
And no one my position knows,
  Which am I—Lords or Commons?

It pleases me M.P. to be,
  For that I'm nothing loth;
To be a Peer suits my idea,
  Why cannot I be both?

1895.

*Viscount Wolmer doesn't want to be taken upstairs to bed.*

## BECHUANALAND

The Queen's speech advocates Prohibition of the Drink Traffic in Bechuanaland.

The Brewers did this House return
To follow their command;
Yet Drink they have tabooed, we learn,
In Bechuanaland.

The Bechuana men are black,
So Prohibition's right;
But who dare England's creed attack,
That white men *may* get Tight?

*August* 1895.

*"Yet Drink they have tabooed, we learn,*
*In Bechuanaland."*

## THE BISHOP AND THE BREWER

Said the Bishop to the Brewer, "Sir, I very greatly fear,
From all that I have heard, that you adulterate your beer."

Said the Brewer to the Bishop, "Nay, that really is not true;
Who told you such a story? I insist on knowing who."

But the Bishop he was silent as to what they put in beer;
He didn't seem to have, in fact, the very least idea.

For in all his great researches, both in pamphlet and in "vol.,"
It really never struck him that it must be alcohol.

Sir William Gull has told us how the world by this is cursed,
That alcohol of all bad things is just the very worst.

But the Bishop—dear, good man!—he still has got a strong idea,
That there's something very charming in the purity of beer.

Oh! these Bishops and these Brewers, I really greatly fear,
They will never, never solve this point about what's in the beer.

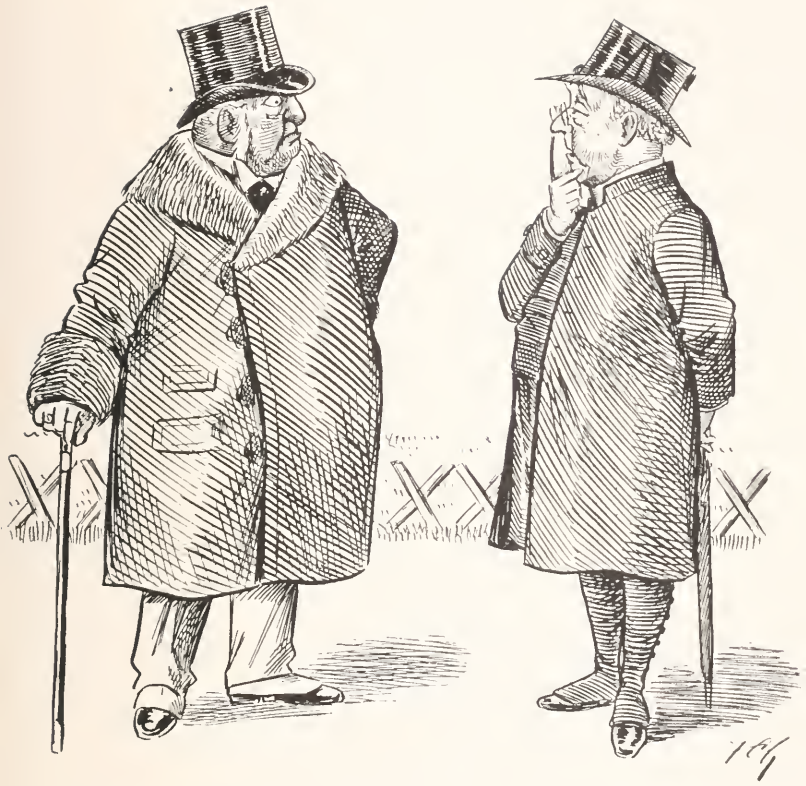
But the land is full of sorrow, and there's little hope of cure,
Unless these wise men hit upon a beer that's really "pure."

Then let us set to work, my boys, with heart, and hope, and cheer,
And help them all we can to get "The Purity of Beer."

'Tis beer which keeps in comfort—as by everyone is known,
The Brewer in his mansion, and the Bishop on his throne.

The British Constitution, and all we value here—
Church, Army, Navy, Parliament—its corner-stone is beer.

1894.



*"Said the Bishop to the Brewer, 'Sir, I very greatly fear,*
*From all that I have heard, that you adulterate your beer.'"*

## THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DUKE

'Tis not long since, I must allow,
I ventured to rebuke
The nobles of the land; but now
I represent the Duke.

With Radicals I once combined
The Tory goose to cook;
But now, come to a better mind,
I represent the Duke.

I'm "ransomed" from that wretched band,
To all that's bad allied,
Mid Peers and Princes now I stand,
With Jesse by my side.

When Joseph's brethren long ago
Bowed down before his stook,
Prophetic 'twas of me, you know,—
I represent the Duke.

And I shall represent him till
I'm laid upon the shelf,
Or else indeed, for good or ill,
I'm made a Duke myself.

*December* 1891.

*"With Radicals I once combined*
*The Tory goose to cook;*
*But now, come to a better mind,*
*I represent the Duke."*

## HAIL TO THE MEMBER

On Wm. Fenwick, M.P., wearing ordinary civilian dress when seconding the Address.

HAIL to the Member who dared the Address
To second though garbed as a civilised man,
Long shall all Members of Parliament bless
The hero who started this sensible plan.

Your Senators blazing in purple and gold,
Court suits and knee breeches, are pretty to see;
But give me the man who his frame will enfold
In sober broadcloth, that's the fellow for me!

Let vain ceremonial utterly vanish,
All tawdry caparisons let us now ban;
Tinsel and trumpery gladly we'll banish,
Out with the Mountebank, in with the Man.

13*th March* 1894.

## THE REASSEMBLING OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

"A" was the "Ancient," who walked up the floor
After giving three thundering knocks at the door.

"B" was the Beating of hearts which ensued,
When to cry would be foolish, to laugh would be rude.

"C" was his Comical mode of escape,
As backwards he crawled, with a bow and a scrape.

"D" was the Dense crowd of members who tried,
When the Speaker walked out, to walk out by his side.

"E" was good Erskine, who shouldered the mace,
And leading the party, arranged for the pace.

"F" was the Foolery when they got there,
Three Peers in cocked hats who did nothing but stare.

"G" were the Gullible folks who opine
That all these queer antics are wondrously fine.

"H" was the Hat which the Speaker put on
When he rose from his chair like a shot, and was gone.

"I" were the Innocents, whom the thought struck
That if they should ballot, perhaps they'd have luck.

"J" were the Jaundiced ideas which they got,
When, after they'd tried it, they found they had not.

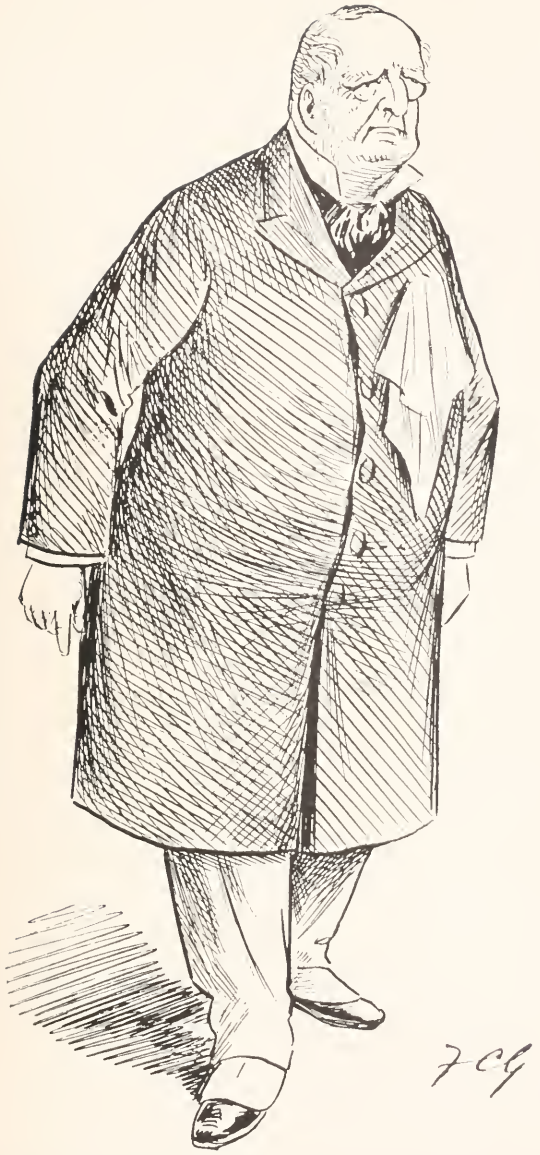
"K" was the Kind of idea which perplexed
Their minds when they pondered on what to do next.

"L" was the Loud burst of cheers which began
When the Liberal Party perceived the "Old Man."

"M" was the Manner in which it was clear,
Though he heard very well, yet he seemed not to hear.

"N" were the Noodles who raised a great roar
When they spied Harry Chaplin advance up the floor.

"O" was the Ominous gesture and pose
Which struck all beholders when Harcourt arose;



*"When they spied Harry Chaplin advance up the floor."*

"P" was the Pummelling he gave to the *Times*
For its lies and its forgeries, vices and crimes.

"Q" the Queer speech which poor Gorst had to speak,
With his hand on his heart and his tongue in his cheek.

"R" was the Rubbish we heard all the night,
Till Parnell arose, and put everything right.

"S" was the Sudden, swift right-about-face
Which at last compelled Smith to stand up in his place.

"T" were the Tears in his voice as he cries:
"I own old friend Walter tells nothing but lies."

"U" was the Uncle of Balfour, who thought
Things by Smith to a curious state had been brought.

"V" were the Vilifiers who dare
Their belief in the forgeries still to declare.

"W" the Words of their mean resolution,
In which they said forgers deserved absolution.

"X" the 'Xcess with which honest men blame
A Party who forge and declare it's no shame.

"Y"s the Young Session beginning thus oddly,
By passing a motion that's base and ungodly.

"Z" are the Zanies who back this pollution,
And whom we shan't see after next Dissolution.

*20th February* 1890.

## "DARE TO BE A DANIEL!"

DARE to be a Joseph,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to live at Birmingham,
Sitting on a throne.

Dare to tumble over
Everyone you can,
Dare to shower rotten eggs
On the Grand Old Man.

Dare to tell the public
What a sage you've grown,
Dare to prove you've one idea—
Birmingham alone.

Dare to praise the Powerful
Every time you speak,
Dare to "slate" the Irish,
Dare to "slang" the weak.

Dare to be a Unionist—
Sight for gods and men!—
Dare to promise lots of things,
But never tell us *When*.

Dare to back up Jesse,
No matter what he do,
Dare to stick together—
The Party made of two.

Dare to be a "Statesman,"
Winning Tory cheers,
Dare to tread the twisting road
Which leads you to the Peers.

1888.

*"Dare to stick together—*
*The Party made of two."*

## A LITTLE MORE FIGHTING

Oh! who does not relish the creed of the Tory,
His simple receipt of each ticklish affair?
This is always the long and the short of his story—
"A little more fighting will make it all square."

"A little more fighting" all over the world,
Where Britain extends her protection and care;
Let the sword be still drawn, and the flag never furled—
"A little more fighting will make it all square."

Yes! "Gunpowder Glory" 's the Christian's true creed;
With that, of the future we'll never despair.
Let Englishmen prove, both by word and by deed,
That "a little more fighting will put them all square."

So hie for the lands where the black men reside!
To far-distant regions we'll boldly repair;
Their defence shall soon yield to our might and our pride,
And "a little more fighting will make us all square."

If the Boers should resist us, and shoot down our men,
Shall we, like base cowards, give up in despair?
No, no! like true Christians, we'll shoot them again,
And "a little more fighting will make us all square."

*"A little more fighting will make it all square."*

We'd a mission from Heaven to rob the Zulus
(How proud we still feel of that gallant affair);
How our hearts beat with triumph on hearing the news
That "a little more fighting had made us all square."

Then hurrah! for the creed which we recognise fully,
The banner round which all good Tories repair;
We'll ravage and rob, we'll bombard and we'll bully—
"A little more fighting will make us all square."

*9th May* 1885.

## THE DERBY DAY

The rising morn with joy we greet,
  Our hearts within us burn ;
Hail, happy day! when blackguards meet,
  And Parliaments adjourn.

This one short day is cast away
  The care that waits on crowns,
And prince and peasant, hand in hand,
  Are gambling on the Downs.

Borne softly on the summer air,
  As o'er the heath we roam,
The cheerful shoutings loud declare,
  The Blacklegs' harvest-home.

The "noble" and the manly strife
  These Epsom Meetings bring!
The "crowded hours of glorious life,"
  Within that betting ring!

Where is the heart so mean and low,
  Of base-born sordid serf,
That beats not with an English glow
  Upon its native "Turf"?

*31st May* 1876.

## YE UNIONISTS OF ENGLAND

### AN ODE

(*Air*—"Ye Mariners of England")

Ye Unionists of England,
Who grace our native land,
Whose Union Jack has braved so long
The whole Gladstonian *band*.

That glorious standard launch again,
To meet the Liberal foe;
As you rave like the brave,
While you follow after "Joe"!

The spirit of the Tories
In every heart burns bright;
Coercion is your field of fame,
Obstruction your delight.

The hatred of all Irishmen
Your burning zeal shall fan,
As you spout and you shout
That you'll crush the Grand Old Man.

*"When the Dissolution's come and gone,*
*And there's nothing left but 'Joe'!"*

Though Brand and noble Goschen fall,
  Your Tory breasts still glow,
As you stand at command
  Of your mighty leader "Joe."

The meteor flag of Brummagem
  Terrific still shall burn,
Till Gladstone's troubled course be run,
  And Joseph's star return.

Then, then, ye Tory Unionists,
  The song and toast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
  When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the Dissolution's come and gone,
  And there's nothing left but "Joe"!

*June* 1887.

## MR. DISRAELI AT OXFORD

"The question is, 'Is man an ape or an angel?' I am on the side of the angels."

On the banks of the Isis, where learning and wit
So firmly and gracefully blend,
The Deans and the Doctors were filled with delight
To see a fair vision descend.

'Twas "Dizzy" himself who burst full on their gaze,
Enchanting each "Don" with the sight;
Sublime was the vision, seraphic the blaze—
A Conservative Angel of Light.

'Twas true that with Tories the whole of their lives
These "Dons" had been used to converse;
But the Bishops and Deacons and Priests whom they knew
Were not angels—but quite the reverse.

Now here was an angel of fully life size
And deepest Conservative hue;
And better than all, in those learned men's eyes,
He led the Conservative crew.

'Tis true that their angel had hovered about
In many a different shape,
But to-day he descended, beyond any doubt,
A firm foe to the heretic "ape."

And the Churchmen rejoiced in defence of their Church
To see him so earnestly busy;
Rewarded at length for their painstaking search
By finding an angel like "Dizzy."

Let us hope, then, at Oxford each learned divine
Will carefully look to his way,
Lest the angel, not finding his hosts to his mind,
Some fine morning go flying away.

*November* 1864.

## THE HAPPY SLAVE

Written on hearing a young lady say that the slaves in the Southern States were a great deal happier than the free negroes in the north.

I AM a slave, a happy slave,
  Secure from care or dross,
I'm tended well both night and day,
  Just like dear master's horse.

There's value in my flesh and blood,
  There's value in my bone;
My body and my soul are both
  Dear master's very own.

For I'm a slave, a happy slave,
  My joys are all untold;
And, best of all, on any day
  I may be bought and sold.

I've heard that in the cruel North
  Unhappy blacks are freed;
I've heard that in that barbarous land
  They learn to write and read.

And there, no dealer from its home
The infant child demands,
And bears it, for its good, away
To far and foreign lands.

The husband and the wife are left
Their cottage hearth to share:
Oh, barbarous land! the poor black man
Is of no "value" there.

*5th September* 1863.

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